# THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

What Came of Going to Sleep in a Steamboat Boiler.

"Are you sure that's the steamboat 'Flame' over by the shore?" "Certing! I could tell her pipes across the

"And you will overhaul her?" "Won't we though! I tell ye, stranger, so sure as my name's Ben Blower, that that last tar-bar'l I have in the furnace has put jist the smart chance of go-shead into us to cut the Plame' from yonder pint or send our boat to kingdom come."

"The devil!" exclaimed a bystander, who, intensely interested in the race, was leaning the while against the partitions of the boilerroom. "Fre chosen a nice place to see the fun, near this infernal powder-barrel." "Not so bad as if you were in it," coolly observed Ben as the other walked rapidly away.

"As if he were in it! in what? in the "Certing! Don't folks sometimes go into "I should think there'd be other parts of

the boat more comfortable." "That's right; poking fun at me at oncet; but wait till we get through this brush with the old Flame' and I'll tell ye of a regular fixin' scrape that a man may get into. It's true, too, every word of it, as sure as my name's

"You have seen the 'Flame,' then, afore, stranger? Six years ago, when new upon the river, she was a raal out and outer, I tell ve. I was at that time a hand aboard of her. Yes. I belouged to her at the time of her great race with the 'Go-liar.' You've heern, mayhap, of the blow-up by which we lost it. They made a great fuss about it; but it was nothing but a mere fix of hot water after all. Only the springing of a few rivels, which loosened a biler-plate or two and let out a thin spirting upon some niggers that hadn't sense enough to get out the way. Well, the 'Go-liar' took off our passengers, and we ran into Smasher's Landing to repair damages and bury the poor fools that were killed. Here we laid for a matter of thirty hours or so, and got things to rights on board for a bran-new start. There was some curpenter's work yet to be done, but the captain said that that might be fixed off jist as well when we were under way-we had worked hard-the weather was sour, and we needn't do anything more jist now-we might take that afternoon to ourselves, but the next morning he'd get up steam bright and airly, and we'd all come out new. There was no temperance society at Smasher's Landing, and I went ashore upon a lark with some of the

I omit the worthy Benjamin's adventures upon land, and, despairing of fully conveying narrative in my own words, save where, in a few instances, I can recall his precise phraseology, which the reader will easily recognize.

"The night was raw and sleety when I gained the deck of our boat. The officers, instead of leaving a watch above, had closed up everything and shut themselves in the cabin. The fire-room only was open. The boards dashed from the outside by the explosion had not yet been replaced. The floor of the room was wet, and there was scarcely a corner which afforded a shelter from the driving storm. I was about leaving the room, resigned to sleep in the open air, and now bent only upon getting under the lee of some bulkhead that would protect me against the wind. In passing out I kept my arms stretched forward to feel my way in the dark, but my feet came in contact with a heavy iron lid; I stumbled, and, as I fell, struck one of my hands into the 'manhole,' (I think this was the name he gave to the oval-shaped opening in the head of the boiler,) through which the smith had entered to make his repairs. I fell with my arms thrust so far into the aperture that I received a smart blow in the face as it came in contact with the head of the boiler, and I did not hesitate to drag my body after it the moment I recovered from this stunning effeet, and ascertained my whereabouts. In a word. I crept into the boiler, resolved to pass the rest of the night there. The place was dry and sheltered. Had my bed been softer, I would have had all that man could desire; as

it was, I slept, and slept soundly.

"I should mention though, that before closing my eyes I several times shifted my position. I had gone first to the furthest end of the boiler, then again I crawled back to the manhole to put my hand out, and felt that it was really still open. The warmest place was at the further end, where I finally established myself, and that I knew from the first. It was foolish in me to think that the opening through which I had just entered could be closed without my hearing it, and that, too, when no one was astir but myself; but the blow on the side of my face made me a little nervous perhaps: besides, I never could bear to be shut up in any place-it always gives me a wild-like feeling about the head. You may laugh, stranger, but I believe I should sufforate in an empty church, if I once felt that I was so shut up in it that I could not get out. I have met men afore now just like me, or worse rather, much worse-men that it made sort of furious to be tied down to anything, yet so soft-like and contradictory in their natures that you might lead them anywhere so long as they did not feel the string. Stranger, it takes all sorts of people to make a world; and we may have a good many of the worst kind of white men here out West. But I have seen folks upon this river -quietlooking chaps, too, as ever you see-who were so teetotally carankterankterons that they'd shoot the dector who'd tell them they couldn't live when ailing, and make a die of it, just out of spite, when told they must get well. Yes, fellows as fond of the good things of earth as you and I, yet who'd rush like mad right over the gang-plank of life, if once brought to believe that they had to stay in this world whether they wanted to leave or not. Thunder and bees! if such a fellow as that had heard the cocks crow as I did-awakened to find darkness about him-darkness so thick you might cut it with a knife-heard other sounds, too, to tell that it was morning, and scrambling to fumble for that manhole, found it, too, black-closed-black and even as the rest of the iron coffin around him, closed, with not a rivet-hole to let God's light and air inwhy-why-he'd a swounded right down on the spot, as I did, and I ain't ashamed to own

it to no white man." The big drops actually stood upon the poor fellow's brow, as he now paused for a moment through the war. in the recital of his terrible story. He passed his bands over his rough features, and resumed it with less agitation of manner.

"How long I may have remained there senseless I don't know. The doctors have since told me it must have been a sort of fit-more like an apoplexy than a swoon, for the attack finally passed off in sleep. Yes, I slept; I know that, for I dreamed -dreamed a heap o' things afore boiler, and extended through the opening.

"At first (in my dreaming reflections) it was a comfortable thought, that no one could now | gone. shut up the manhole without awakening me. But soon it seemed as if my feet, which were on the outside, were becoming drenched in the storm which had originally driven me to seek this shelter. I feit the chilling rain upon my extremities. They grew colder and colder, and their numbriess gradually extended upwards to other parts of my body. It seemed, however, that it was only the under side of my body that | written the Lord's Prayer on a space covered was thus strangely visited. I lay upon my by one side of an old-fashioned three-cent piece, back, and it must have been a species of night- and says he can put thirty thousand letters mare that afflicted me, for I knew at least that upon one side of a postal card with a steel pen I was dreaming, yet felt it impossible to rouse without the aid of a glass. myself. A violent fit of coughing restored at last my powers of volition. The water, which had been slowly rising around me, had rushed

"My whole condition-no-not all of itpowering emotion. I shrieked even as I started | preservative.

from my slumber. The previous discovery of the closed aperture, with the instant oblivion that followed, seemed only a part of my dream, and I threw my arms about and looked eagerly for the opening by which I had entered the horrid place—yes, looked for it, and felt for it, though it was the terrible conviction that it was closed—a second time brought home to me—which prompted my frenzied cry. Every sense seemed to have ten-fold acuteness, yet not one to act in unison with another. I shricked again and again-imploringly-desperately-savagely. I filled the hollow champer with my cries, till its iron walls seemed to

tingle around me. The dull strokes of the accursed pump seemed only to mock at, while they deadened my screams. "At last I gave myself up. It is the struggle against our fate which frenzies the mind. We cease to fear when we cease to hope. I gave

myself up, and then I grew calm! "I was resigned to die-resigned even tomy mode of death. It was not, I thought, so very new after all, as to awaken unwented horror in a man. Thousands have been sunk to the bottom of the ocean shut up in the holds of vessels-beating themselves against the battened hatches-dragged down from the upper world shricking, not for life, but for death only beneath the eye and amid the breath of heaven. Thousands have endured that appalling kind of suffocation. I would die only as many a better man had died before me. I could meet such a death. I said so-I thought so-I felt so-felt'so, I mean, for a minute-or more; ten minutes it may have been-or but an instant of time. I know not, nor does it matter if I could compute it. There was a time, then, when I was resigned to my fate. But, Heaven! was I resigned to it in the shape in which next it came to appal? Stranger, I felt that water growing hot about my limbs, though it was not yet midleg deep. I felt it, and in the same moment heard the roar of the furnace that was to turn it into steam before it could get deep enough to drown one.

"You shudder. It was hideous, But did I shrink and shrivel, and crumble down upon that iron door, and lose my senses in that hor-rid agony of fear? No! though my brain swam and the life-blood that curdled at my heart seemed about to stagger there forever, of the 3,000 men raised by the city of London still I knew! I was too hoarse—too hopeless— in 1572, equipped in buff coats and sent to from my previous efforts, to cry out more. But serve in the Netherlands. Not long ago the I struck-feebly at first, and then stronglyfrantically with my clenched first against the sides of the boiler. There were people moving near who must hear my blows! Could not I hear the grating of chains, the shuffling of feet, the very rustle of a rope-hear them all, within a few inches of me? I did; but the gurgling water that was growing better at Dettingen by a general who mistook the and better around my extremities made more corps for the Third and called out "Well done, noise within the steaming cauldron than did

my frenzied blows against its sides. "Latterly I had hardly changed my position, but now the growing heat of the water made me plash to and fro; lifting myself wholly out of it was impossible, but I could not remain quiet. I stumbled upon something; it was a Lucia the men killed so many French grenamallet!- a chance tool the smith had left there diers that they could equip themselves with by accident. With what wild joy did I seize it—with what eager confidence did I now deal my first blows with it against the walls of my other corps, the Fifth obtained the right to stone steps which led up to the front door. A golly, it is no use to stay behind," and plunged not hesitate to give the rest of his singular prison! But scarce had I intermitted them for have the feather parti-colored, red at top, moment when I heard the clang of the iron door as the fireman flung it wide open to feed the flames that were to torture me. My knocking was unheard, though I could hear him toss the sticks into the furnace beneath me, and drive to the door when his infernal oven was

fully crammed. "Had I yet a hope? I had; but it rose in my mind side by side with the fear that I might now become the agent of preparing myself a more frightful death. Yes; when thought of that furnace with its fresh-fed flames curling beneath the iron upon which I stood-a more frightful death even than that of being boiled alive! Had I discovered that mallet but a short time sooner-but no matter, I would by its aid resort to the only expedient

now left. "It was this. I remembered having a marline spike in my pocket, and in less time than I have taken in hinting at the consequences of thus using it I had made an impression upon the sides of the boiler, and soon succeeded in driving it through. The water gushed through the aperture-would they see it? No: the jet could only play against a wooden partition which must hide the stream from view; it must trickle down upon the decks before the leakage would be discovered. Should I drive another hole to make that leakage greater? Why, the water within seemed already to be sensibly diminished, so hot had become that which remained; should more escape, would I not hear it bubble and hiss upon the fiery plates of iron that were already scorching the soles of my feet?

"Ah! there is a movement-voices-I hear them calling for a crowbar. The bulkhead cracks as they pry off the planking. They have seen the leak—they are trying to get at it! Good God! Why do they not first dampen the fire? Why do they call for the-the-

"Stranger, look at that finger; it can never regain its natural size; but it has already done all the service that man could expect from so humble a member. Sir, that hole would have been plugged up on the instant unless I had jammed my finger through!

"I heard the cry of horror as they saw it without-the shout to drown the fire-the first stroke of the cold-water pump. They say, too, that I was conscious when they took me outbut I-I remember nothing more till they brought a julep to my bedside afterward, and that julep !-"Cooling, was it?"

"Stranger!!!" Ben turned away his head and wept. He could say no more.

### A Lancet with an Interesting History.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.] Dr. Samuel E. Woody, of this city, has in his possession a curious old relic. It is a lancet of an antique make and shape, which was formerly the property of his great-great-grandfather, Dr. David Woody, who was the medical attendant of General Nathaniel Greene during the Revolutionary war. The queer old surgical instrument, half eaten up by rust, has a rare history. It was first the property of an ancestral Woody, who was a companion of Sir Walter Raleigh in the balmy days when he was the reigning favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and it accompanied him on his vogages before the settlement of Roanoke. Afterward it descended in the family as an heirloom, and Dr. David Woody used it throughout the stormy revolutionary campaings, when the bloody pattles of the Cowpens and Guilford Court House drenched the Carolinas with patriot blood. In one of the bloody raids of the Torics, headed by Tarleton's troopers, the young surgeon was the only man left alive on the field of battle. He used the lancet all

### A Remarkable Leap from a Train.

[From the Raleigh News and Observer.] Among the travelers on board the Western North Carolina train recently were a couple of guards taking a body of prisoners to Marion from Old Fort. A colored woman was among the prisoners. The train had encountered a I awoke; there is but one dream, however, that | big rock that had rolled down on the track, I have ever been able to recall distinctly, and and which had to be blasted away, causing a that must have come on shortly before I re- delay of five hours, and the train, after getting covered my consciousness. My resting place under headway, was skipping along at fortythrough the night had been, as I have told you, eight miles an hour to make up for lost time. at the far end of the boiler. Well, I now | The woman, taking advantage of a privilege dreamed that the manhole was still open, and, extended to her, jumped out of a window, and what seems curious rather than laughable, if no one knew anything of it until a passenger, you take it in connection with other things, I who had been standing on the rear platform, fancied that my legs had been so stretched in came rushing up to the conductor with the inthe long walk I had taken the evening before formation that the train had run over a woman, that they new reached the whole length of the as he had seen her kicking on the track like a chicken with its head pulled off. The train was stopped and backed, but the woman had

## Skill that Leads to No Good.

From the Iowa State Register.] A man in Humboldt county has put 164 words into the space occupied by a nickel. He has also put 1.150 words on the face of a postal card which contains 15% square inches. He has

### Leading Members

into my mouth; I awoke to hear the rapid of the dramatic and musical professions testify strokes of the pump which was driving it into to the beautifying influence of SOZODONT upon the teeth. Personal comeliness is a positive capital to public performers, and they find | Royals," the "Gallant Fiftieth" (from their not yet-my present condition flashed with that the use of SOZODONT materially seconds | stand at Vimiera), the "Blind Half-Hundredth" new horror upon me. But I did not again | the natural charm of a pleasing face. Let all swoon the choking sensation which had made | who wish to avert the disaster sure to overtake | mia during the Egyptian campaign) and the me faint when I first discovered how I was en- neglected teeth, try a new departure and "Dirty Half-Hundredth" (because dif-on, of tombed, gave way to a livelier though less over- cleanse them regularly with this agreeable | the appearance of the regiment after a long | and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" purify the

# BRITISH LINE,

And the Nicknames Which Some Fa-

mous Regiments Have Acquired. Said a London paper a few days ago in an out-of-the-way paragraph: "Yesterday being the anniversary of the battle of Alexandria fought on March 21, 1801), the usual custom of decking the colors with laurel was observed in those regiments which took part in the famous engagement under Sir Ralph Abercrombie." The battalions of the Grenadier Guards which fought under Sir John Moore at Corunna, observe the same custom on the anniversary of the action, and regularly as the month of June comes round every regiment that was represented at Waterloo binds its colors with victorious wreaths, even as the men of one of the regiments wear the rose in their caps annually on the 1st of August in memory of the stand made by their corps in a rose garden at Minden. Unless the custom has been affected by the reeled in the shock of war before—the desperrecent sweeping changes in the British armyate valor that climbed the steeps and filled the a provise which applies to other parts of this moats of Badajos." Mention has been made of the "Black Watch." An even more famous Highland regiment is the Ninety-third, which article-Wolfe's Brigade still wear the mourning line down the centre of their lace for their gallant leader who "died victorious" on the at Balaclava scorned to form square against the Plains of Abraham. One of the oldest distinc-Russian cavalry, but received its charge in line. tions in the British service is the small union At Waterloo, it may be remembered, the High--popularly, but erroneously, styled the Union landers, when the Scots Greys came to their Jack-or the "Queen's color" of the Coldaid, instead of opening their ranks to let the horsemen through and reforming in the rear, stream Guards, which recalls the fact that Monk, Duke of Albemarle, its first colonel and caught the stirrups of their mounted countrythe restorer of Charles II, was an admiral of the fleet. The paschal lamb, which is the badge of the Second Foot, is said to have been adopted because the corps was raised for the defense of Tangier, the dowry brought to the Merry Monarch by Catharine of Braganza, the lamb being the emblem of Portugal. At the time of the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion the men were known satirically as "Kirk's Lambs." The Third Foot are—or were—the "Buffs," being the lineal representatives

War Office refused to allow the officers and men to retain the time-honored facings at their own expense. The "Old Buffs," in memory of their origin, retain the special privilege of marching through the city with drums beating and colors flying. The Thirty-first regiment claims the title "Young Buffs," conferred old Buffs!" a commendation which, when instructed of his error, he changed to "Then, well done, young Buffs!" The Fifth Foot style themselves the "Old and Bold," and were long wearers of white plumes in commemoration of the fact that on the island of Saint whence the tradition that on a battle-field the of their slain enemies. The Ninth got the sale of Bibles, and the Tenth is the famous regiment which "don't dawnce." The repetia Dublin hostess to furnish the officers with partners, led to her indignant retort, as she pointed to the door: "Perhaps the Tenth can march!" and through her influence at head-

quarters to the exile of the regiment "To Castlebar and Baldenrobe The dullest dens upon the globe."

The bandsmen of the Twelfth wear a small crown on their caps, as a memorial of the last day on which an English sovereign led his troops in person against the enemy. George II led the Twelfth and Twenty-second at Dettingen, and the officers and men of both regiments still wear roses on the sovereign's birthday in memory of his leadership. The Twelfth deserves mention for the lesson which it gave James II on the eve of the revolution. Because of the number of Catholics in its ranks it was thought safe to appeal to the regiment, and the King paraded it on Hounslow Heath and invited the officers and men to bind themselves to assist him in carrying out his plans, giving those who were not satisfied the option of quitting the service. All but two officers By the banks of Chattanooga, watching with a soland a few privates straightway laid down their arms, to James' profound disgust. "Take up your arms," said the King, sullenly; "another For the foe had climbed above him with the bantime I shall not do you the honor of consulting you." The Sixteenth were long known as 'The Peacemakers," that being the only regiment in the service-except two recentlyformed Indian corps-with maiden colors. It did not see a shot fired in anger from the siege of Surinam down to the last Boer war, and even in the action of Magela Mountain it escaped with trifling loss. The Nineteenth claims the title of the "Green Howards," given them in 1688 to distinguish them from the Third, also commanded by a Howard, but having buff facings instead of the green of the newer corps. The Twenty-third (Royal Welsh) fusiliers delight in the style of the "Royal Nanny-goats." Since 1849 the goat that from time immemorial has marched at their head has been sent to the regiment from Windsor by the Queen. The men wear a bow of black ribbon with ends on the back of the collar-a survival of the pig-tail. The Twenty-fourth claimed the title of "Howard's Greens" from their grass-green facings and the colonel who commanded them in 1738-'48. "Howard's Garbage" is another and less dignified version. The Twenty-eighth rejoices in several distinctions. The title of the "Slashers" is variously attributed to the fact that the men used their swords at White Plains slashing away like good fellows, and to the tradition that when in Canada a brutal magistrate refused quarters to the women of the regiment during a severe winter, some of the officers disguised themselves as Indians, broke into his house and slashed off his ears. The "Old Braggs" is another name, derived from their colonel in 1734-'51. But the most valued distinction conferred upon the Twenty-eighth is that of wearing the regimental plate before and behind the shako-a memorial of the regiment's bravery at Alexandria, where the rear rank faced about and repelled the charge of the French cavalry while the front rank was engaged with another body of the enemy. The Thirtieth bear the alluring name of the "Treble X's:" the Thirty-first, as has already been said, are the "Young Buffs." The Thirty-third were originally the "Havercake Lads," from their recruiting sergeant's fashion of beating up recruits with a huge oaten cake spitted on the end of his sword. Since the death of the Iron Duke they have enjoyed the style of the "Duke of Wellington's Regiment." Their orange facings gave the Thirty-fifth the style of the Orange Lilies," and from their facings of grass-green the men of the Thirty-sixth were dubbed the "Saucy Greens." The sobriety of the men of the Thirty-eighth during their service at Malta, and the extreme deliberateness of their movements, earned for the regiment the title of the "Pump and Tortoise." The Thirty-ninth, from their green facings, became the "Green Linnets." Colonel Sankey once mounted them on mules for a forced

march, whence their other title, "Sankey's Horse." This regiment bears the proud motto. "Primus in Indis," having been the first to round the Cape for service in Hindostan. The Fortieth are the "X-L-ers," and their dark tartans have conferred on the Forty second its famous name of the "Black Watch." The Forty-third were the original possessors of the style "Light Bobs," afterwards applied to joice in the name of "Old Stubborns," conferred upon them in the Peninsula, where the Fortysixth were self-dubbed the "Lacedemonians," from their commander's harangue under a pelting fire: "Stand firm, men, and emulate the courage of the heroic Lacedemonians." The Light company of the Forty-sixth wearor wore-a red pompon in their caps instead of the green sported by the rest of the regiment. One version is that after the battle of the Brandywine the company was marked out by the Americans to be given no quarter in the event of its capture, and that the flat-tered company changed its color so that there could be no mistake if one of its members were taken. Another gives the distinction for the capture in the Peninsula of the Light company

of the French Forty-sixth.

The Forty-seventh are the "Cauliflowers."

though why is not explained. The Fiftieth

have a whole host of names, the "Devil's

(from the sufferings of the men from ophthal-

heroes mopped their faces with their black cuffs). The Fifty-first have been dubbed the "Kolis," from their, title "King's Own Light Infantry." The Fifty-sixth, from the color of their facings, got, for its men the title of the "Pompadours." The Fifty-seventh are the "Die-Hards," from Colonel Inglis's steady appeal "Die hard," from Colonel Inglis's steady appeal "Die hard, many men die hard!" at appeal, "Die hard, my men, die hard!" at Albuera, where only one officer of twenty-four left the field unhurt, and 168 men of 584. The Fifty-eighth are the "Black Cuffs" and the "Steel Backs." One of the most widely circulated of popular errors is that which links the famous war-cry of "Faugh-a-ballagh" with the Connaught Rangers." The cry belongs to the Eighty-seventh (Royal) Irish Fusiliers, and it was raised at Barossa in 1811, when Gough led the regiment upon the Eighth French and captured the only eagle taken by a British infantry regiment. The "eagle with a wreath of laurel" is borne on the colors of the Eighty-seventh, a distinction shared by the First (Royal) Dragoons and the Scots Greys. The Connaught Rangers, however, have glory to spare, though the regi-ment was only raised in 1793, and more than any other corps it should be recalled by the readers of Sheil's splendid eulogy of "the athletic arms that drove their bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never

men and dashed forward with them in the "Scotland forever!" charge. A Kentuckian Who Never Drinks Water.

[From the Crittenden Press.] made a trip through Webster county, tells us His name is Thomas Lawton, and he is a kinsman of Mr. W. C. Carnahan, of this place, and Mr. Carnahan vouches for the truth of the statement that he never drank water. Mr. Lawton says he has no desire whatever for the purest beverage known to creation; neither composition calls for a drink. He drinks milk for its nourishing virtues, and coffee as a preventive for painter's colic, for he is a painter by trade. He once drank some mineral water, taking it as a tonic, but the fluid was so repug-

A Story of a Stingy Man's Stoop.

[From the Hartford Courant.] another stoop, he has since used the back door | horse-God bless him ! of his house exclusively.

A Man with Four Hundred Descendants. [From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Macon county boasts the oldest man in the State, if not the oldest in the country. His name is Robert Gibson, and his age is over 116 years. He is five feet two inches in height, and weighs 145 pounds. He recollects dimly the Revolutionary war and the Presidency of General Washington. Mr. Gibson's oldest boy is now a lad of 81, and his "baby," with whom he is now living, is 44. He has been twice married, and has 13 children living and 3 dead. One of his sons has 20 children. His direct descendants, now reaching to the fifth generation, number nearly 400.

#### SONGS OF THE CAMP. The Battle Above the Clouds.

[By Rev. Theron Brown.]

dier's heed, In the chilly autumn morning gallant Grant was on his steed : ners of their band And their cannon swept the river from the hills of Cumberland.

to the bridge One brigade aboard the Dunbar! Storm the heights Mission Ridge! On the left, the ledges, Sherman, charge and hurl the rebels down! Hooker, take the steeps of Lookout, and the slopes before the town!

Like a trumpet rang his orders : "Howard, Thomas,

Fearless, from the northern summits, looked the traitors where they lay, On the gleaming Union army, marshalled as for Till the sudden shout of battle thunder'd upward from the farms. And they dropped their idle glasses in a hurried

Then together up the highlands surely, swiftly, swent the lines. And the clang of war above them swelled with loud and louder signs, Till the loyal peaks of Lookout in the tempest seemed to throb, And the star-flag of our country soared in smoke o'er Orchard Knob.

rush to arms.

and ceaseless change, Still the forious mountain conflict burst and burned along the range, While with battle's cloud of sulphur mingled heaven's mist and rain, Till th' ascen ling squadron vanished from the gazers on the plain.

Day and night, and day returning, ceaseless shock

From the boats upon the river, from the tents upon the shore. From the roofs of yonder city anxious eyes the clouds explore; But no rift amid the darkness shows them fathers, brothers, sons. Where they trace the viewless struggle by the echo of the guns.

Upward! Charge for God and country! Up! Aha, they rush! they rise Till the faithful meet the faithless in the never-And the battle-field is bloody where a dew-drop never falls For a voice of tearless justice for a tearless ven geance calis!

And the heaven's wild with shouting: fiery shot and bayonet keen Gleam and glance where freedom's angels battle in the blue serene. Charge and volley fiercely follow, and the tumult Tells of right in mortal grapple with rebellion's

They have conquered-God's own legions! Well their foes might be dismayed, Standing in His mountain temple 'gainst the terrors of His aid : And the clouds might fitly echo paean loud and parting gun,
When from upper light and glory sank the traitor

They have conquered! Thro' the region where our brothers plucked the palm, Rings the noise in which they won it with the sweetness of a psaim. And our wounded, sick and dying, hear it in their erowded wards, 'Heaven is with us; Lo, our And they whisper: "Her battle is the Lord's!"

And our famished captive heroes, locked in Richmond's prison hells, List those guns of cloudland booming glad as freedom's morning belis, all light infantrymen. The Forty-fourth re- Lift their haggard eyes, and panting, with their cheeks against the bars, Feel God's breath of hope, and see it playing with the stripes and stars.

> Tories, safe in serpent treason, startle as those airy And that wild ethereal war-drum fall like doom upon their cars, And that rush of cloud-borne armies rolling back a Nation's shame, Frights them with its sound of judgment and its flash of angry flame.

Widows weeping by their firesides, loval sires despondent grown Smile to hear their country's triumph from the gate of heaven blown, And the patriot's children wonder in their simple hearts to know In the land above the thunder our embattled champions go.

### Terrible Sufferings.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y .: - I have a friend who suffered terribly. I purchased a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription," and, as a result of its use, she is perfectly well.

J. BAILEY, Burdett, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" march in hot weather when the perspiring | blood and cure constipation,

Quakeress .- Chased by Bloodhounds.

[By John F. Hill, Co. K, 89th O. V. I.]

As it was impossible to ford the Roanoke, swollen as it was by the heavy rains, we decided to hunt up a Moses, who, if he could not part the waters and let us pass between, would, at least, ferry us across the flood. Some distance up the stream a light could be seen, and we drew sticks as to who should go in search of help. As I always draw a prize, I drew the long one. So off I went, and managed without being observed to get pretty close to what proved to be a comfortable little hut, which, from the singing within, I judged to be occupied by negroes. I knocked, and when the door was opened found that I had not been mistaken. There was a whole house full of colored people, who had convened for some kind of religious services. Their voices were raised to a high pitch, and they were in the middle of a stanza, but as soon as I entered the door the song stopped instantly, and dead silence prevailed. Observing that all eyes were intently fixed upon me, I spoke in a whisper to two or three that stood near the door, and they stepped out into the yard, where I made myself known to them, as well as the nature of my mission. They were greatly astonished, and hardly knew whether to believe me or not. Indeed, they wanted to go back to the house at once and tell their people who I was, but I objected to their doing that until after I had gone, for I did not covet much notoriety just at that time. At last, after much A gentleman of this town having recently talk, they said they could set us across, as the made a trip through Webster county, tells us of a man he met who has never taken a drink der "Somebody," who had an old "hoss" that of water, though now thirty-five years of age. | they declared could carry us as safely over as any bridge in the country, was sent for ; and one of the men went back with me while the good brother started off to get the animal. He soon met us at the river with his horse, and, to make sure of a safe crossing, we induced him to try it alone first. The experiment proved that the has he any inclination to partake of it in any of the adulterated forms. He has had raging keep his footing, and they tried to persuade us fevers and shaking chills, but nothing in his to wait till morning, as it did not take the streams in the mountains long to run down. But we were not willing to run any risks by waiting, so Stookey pulled off his shoes, rolled up his pants above his knees, and jumped astride of the horse behind the negro. After consideranant to his taste that he did not remain long at ble heel kicking and "ye-upping" by the negro, the springs. both of them safely to the opposite shore. He then returned, and I took passage next, but kept my shoes on. It required much persua-On the road between Bridgeport and Trum- | sion to make our hero take the water the second bull is a house which is minus a front stoop, time. The negro kicked, Thompson pounded stone steps which led up to the front door. A golly, it is no use to stay behind," and plunged few years ago a man driving by the house, see- | into the water also, catching the horse by the tail rank and file dipped their feathers in the blood | ing the steps, thought he would like to procure | When, after much struggling, we reached the some like them. He offered the owner of the opposite shore, we proceeded to scold Thompson title of "Holy Boys" in the Peninsula from a house a fair price for them, which was accepted, for his rashness; but he declared that he was and the steps were carted away. The owner afraid the old horse could never be induced to of the house loves money, and it is said that take the water again, and in that case he would

tion of this supercilious reply to the proffer of rather than go to the expense of putting up have been left behind. But he was a noble old SUPPING WITH UNCLE SOMEBODY. We pressed the negro to go with us and our minds that we were not the first human act as our guide until we had passed the beings to be thus pursued. Many a brave man, town and got safely over the railroad, and so crept slowly along lanes, fields, and same ordeal. We now quickened our gait to a back-alleys for a couple of miles, until run, but could still plainly hear the men we were safely past Big Lick Station. Our guide then took us to a negro cabin off latter seemed less bloodthirsty than their masof the road, where Uncle "Somebody" ters. It was evident that our pursuers had left from?" lived. As we crossed the old man's threshold we received an introduction to the blackest negro we ever saw. The old African pa- a short distance we could see timber, and we triarch turned up his nearly sightless eyes and knew that if we could only reach it in time we the uncle she never remembered to have seen, exclaimed: "God bless you, Massa Lincum's brave, brave boys. Take a seat." This we did | being torn to pieces by these bloodthirsty cheerfully, seating ourselves on one of uncle's | hounds. As we ran we gathered handfuls of best six feet benches. As we sat there, we ate stones to use in case we failed to reach the one of the best meals, although of the roughest nature, that we had ever had; it was kindly tendered by one of nature's simple children. ber. O, joy! there was a small stream of water Here we received instructions to keep to the | there. Into this we plunged knee deep, crossed northwest and pay no attention to roads, but | and ran down the bank, then into the stream stick to fields, woods, &c., for about twelve again, and commenced wading downwards, miles, whereby we would cross the valley in a | then out, then in again, and so on for a mile diagonal line and strike the Alleghany Moun- or so. Gradually the baying of the hounds tains near the main road crossing the same. So, became fainter, and at last died out altogether. after an hour's rest, we started. The moon | Our pursuers probably came no farther than shone brightly, and everything wore a lovely the stream, and I have always believed that aspect after the gloomy day we had spent. We | they could not make the dogs take our trail traversed that night some of the finest planta- freely. They had doubtless been taught to tions in the State. The improvements were of | track negroes and not white persons. the best class, and the soil appeared as if it was rich and had been brought up to a high state of culture. Appearances indicated that at one time the planters of this valley had been very well situated, and as yet had seen but very little of the evils of war. We kept our course very well, and by 2 or 3 o'clock at night had reached the foot of the mountain. Our ascent was now much obstructed by underbrush, rock and cliffs, and at times so steep that we could hardly get along. We had failed to strike the right road across the mountain and we were traveling under many difficulties. Our strength was about exhausted. The moon had gone down west of the mountain, and it had became so dark we could not see, and at last we ran up squarely against a perpendicular cliff, many feet in height. We could go no farther, and so concluded to halt for the night. We threw ourselves down upon a flat rock, spread out our covering and tried to sleep, but we were too tired to slumber. We did not have long to wait for dawn. As soon as it was light we saw from our high position a house about half a mile off to the right and below us. It was on the and across the road to the big barn, whence 'bench" of the mountain, and there was a small clearing around it. Thither we made our way. As we approached the house we were

> ant, middle-aged woman, and we instantly discovered by her talk that she was a Quakeress. BEFRIENDED BY A FRIEND. "Will thee come in and rest?" was the wel-

surprised not to be saluted-as we usually were

at all houses in Virginia-by the barking and

yelping of half a dozen dogs or more, but re-

membering that the day was Sunday, we thought

it probable that the dogs were off keeping the

Sabbath with their masters-hunting. How-

ever, at the kitchen door, we met a very pleas-

come she gave us, as if we had been old friends and acquaintances of hers. As usual, we told our story, and received the assurance that we would be welcome to breakfast. We took our seats in a neat, tidy little kitchen, around a hot cooking stove, and chatted with the old lady while breakfast was being prepared. As no one else appeared at the table for breakfast we inquired about the "men folks." She told us that John, her husband, had gone to one of their monthly meetings some distance off, and had started the day before. We sat and talked at the table a long hour after we had finished breakfast. She declared that her religion was opposed to the spirit of war in any shape, but that the South had brought it on, and it was the duty of the North to defend itself. Her prayers and sympathies admitted that, after all, the war would be the curse of slavery and build up a country where dow a very large town on the railroad, called Salem, and a place of much importance to the Confederate government, and we were told that it had several fine flouring mills, a large supply of commissary stores for the rebel army, besides wagons, mules, munitions of war, &c., butunder the guard of but a small detachment of rebel troops.

She gave us, indeed, much other valuable the information derived from this good old Quaker lady and by us communicated to one of our own military departments afterwards that was the means of General Keliev being sent there with Union troops the following winter, the partial destruction of the place, and the capture of several prisoners.

I must now record a deed of ours of which I am ashamed to this day. Just before we started the good old lady asked us if we would not like a good drink of milk. We said we would; but while she was gone to the milkhouse after it, we looked around the room, and espying a small dried deer's ham hanging against the wall, it was but the work of an instant | in the little room over the kitchen would held for that ham to find its way into our haversacks. Shame! It was a shame, indeed, after | had gone upstairs into her own cozy chamber, having been treated so well by the noble lady; and had fastened the door; and pretty soon but we had known hunger, and I can say truth- after saying her prayer she crept into bed and fully that it was the only "scaly" trick we fell fast asleep.

were guilty of during our whole tramp to the When she awoke the clouds had cleared away

the whole of the way by pulling ourselves up | house like a bell-twelve. by the bushes. It took two hours to reach the in returning thanks to Almighty God for his protection in our perilous undertak-ing. I should have felt better and derived but it wasn't a bit of use, though she counted

About 4 o'clock we all got up and, with much streets of the hot secession town of Salem and see | lively way. the people as they walked up and down the streets. We could almost count the panes of glass in the windows even, and we heard dis-tinctly the bells that called the people to worship. Little did the people of that city think that they were being scrutinized that day by a trio of weak and nearly naked Yankees. We felt, indeed, that the hand of Providence was with us, and we promised ouselves that if we ever succeeded in reaching home we would aim in

We were now probably about half way to the Union lines and, as we judged, on the boundary between Old Virginia and West Virginia. Still, between us and home and loved ones were many and many long miles, many broad rivers, many a high mountain, and, worse than all, many an enemy. With all these | old-fashioned cake dish that had belonged to barriers ahead of us we had to nerve ourselves for the struggle. Without waiting for the sun to go down we set out upon our night's journey. We had been told by our good Quakeress that if we followed the ridge a short distance south we would strike one of the main practical roads leading over the mountain westward, and smooth and the descent so gradual that we the outer door, unlocked it, and sped away came very near overwalking ourselves. Near through the moonlighted night toward Aunt the foot of the mountain, as we were turning | Priscilla's, a mile distant. a short bend in the road, we came face to face with a man sitting by the roadside. "How do you do," said we; "How do you do," said he, and maybe he'll burn the house up. Oh, why can't we passed on. At another bend in the road father come! and what makes it so far to Aunt we came upon a large farm-house or, as we Prissy's?" supposed afterwards, a wayside inn. The to pass it, and turned back with the intention of flanking the place a la General Sherman.

that our business was nothing to him, and turning out of the woods crossed into a small nerves to speak of, to be. pasture at the foot of the mountain, and then "There, there, dear! into a thick piece of small underbrush. Com- too !" said her mother, anxiously. You might ing out into a nice plain or valley, stretching | have put on a shawl, Katy. You'll catch your off westward some distance, we made north- | death." west across it. We afterwards learned that it "You must have dreamed it all, daughter," was called Catawba. We had not gone far said her father. But he lost no time in enterwhen we heard, in the direction, as we sup- ing the house, and he provided himself with a posed, of the tayern, the sound of a horn and | huge pistol, which hadn't been discharged for the baying of hounds. "Good God," said a dozen years, before he unlocked the closet Stookey, "are we to be hunted down like run- door and began to open it cautiously. Then away negroes by these infernal secessionists?" Katy and her mother, waiting by the kitchen The same question was on my lips, and we at | door, which they took the precantion to hold once increased our speed. We could still hear | wide open, heard an exclamation of surprise. the men and dogs, and it appeared as if they were coming through the woods in the same | yourself up peaceably." direction that we had, and it flashed across although dark in color, had passed through the same ordeal. We now quickened our gait to a | in the pantry doorway. prompting and encouraging the dogs. The the timber and were crossing the valley in hot pursuit. We dared not look back, but ahead could climb and at least save ourselves from timber, and redoubled our speed. On, on we went, and at last found ourselves in the tim-

### [To be continued.]

KATY'S CAPTIVE. A Tramp in the Pantry, and What He Was Doing There.

"You're sure you won't be afraid, Katy?" "Oh no, father!" "But Tilly is so deaf," added Mr. Dillingham, pausing with his foot on the carriage step. 'Sha'n't I stop and ask Aunt Priscilla to let one of the girls come up?"

"No indeed, father; I won't be a bit fright-"Well, there's nothing to hurt you, and I shall be back with your mother some time to-

night if it's a possible thing. Good-by, daugh-Mr. Dillingham seated himself in the vehicle, touched the old gray lightly, and drove away. Katy stood in the door and watched her father off. She was just thirteen years of age, and she didn't feel a bit afraid, and when the carriage was out of sight she bounded off the door step

she presently returned with her apron full of 'Tilly," she screamed, going into the kitchen -"oh, Tilly, let me make a sponge-cake, all myself, for dinner to-morrow. I've found some eggs, and I want-to make-a sponge-cake." "Oh, yes," said Tilly, quite with the air of one who can hear as well as another one, but who likes to play sometimes at being deaf," "make half a dozen sponge-cakes if you want

So Katy beat the eggs, whites and yolks separately, for ten minutes; she put in the sugar about 8 o'clock in the morning on snowshoes, and beat five minutes, and the flour and beat As he was following the trail on the east side three minutes more, exactly by rule, and when all this was done, and the cake browned to snew broke under him and started to slide. November afternoon was already half-way

through. "I'm going to put my cake in the preserve

to. dearie."

closet, Tilly. carried her sponge-cake through the pantry light, but was under the snow when the slide into the little dark closet beyond. There were | stopped and had to work lively to get out. He rows upon rows of preserve jars, and above | was not injured in the least, the soft snow havthem on the upper shelf Katy caught a white gleam from the silver-the ewer and sugar | One snowshoe could be seen sticking out of the bowl and cake basket and tea-pot, besides a bank of snow and broken and the other was quantity of spoons that had belonged to her gone. His hat was lost, and that was about all great-grandmother. They were very heavy the damage done. and all of pure silver; and suddenly, as Katy stood gazing up at them, she remembered, with were with the North, and at last she frankly | a little shiver of dread, the face of a tramp who had looked in at the door the day before while salvation of the Nation. It would wipe out the | Tilly was cleaning the silver at the table. He asked for a drink of water, and when he had every man would enjoy civil liberty and possess | got it he went away; but it seemed to Katy equal rights, without respect to color, rank or | at this minute that he looked at the silver a race. We were shown from her kitchen win- great deal longer and sharper than was at all necessary. What if he should come back? He wasn't a vicious-looking tramp; indeed Tilly had thought and said what a pity it was that he should be a tramp at all-such a bright face he had and such a pretty way of speaking,

"You can't tell much by looks," said Katy, wisely, to herself. "I believe mother would almost rather lose the farm than that silver. news in regard to this place, and it was in part | Anyway, I'll put on the padlock before I go to bed. I suppose it's foolish, though." Perhaps that was the reason she forgot all

about it. She sat at the window for a long time, busy with her knitting and with thinking of how glad she would be to see her mother again. Two weeks is so long a time; and Mrs. Dillingham had been a day more than that with a sick sister in Wakefield, almost twenty miles from home. The clouds had shut down heavy and gray, and it would be dark early.

But by the time Katy was ready for bed she had forgotten all about the padlock, though she was really a little nervous and frightened, and wished more than once that Tilly's cot bed her with Tilly. But she felt better when she

lines. We said "Good-by," and off we went | and the moon was shining full in at her win-

again, creeping through the underbrush and dow. She awoke suddenly, with thoughts of flanking the cliffs, until we reached the top of the silver in her mind, and presently she heard the mountain. Our ascent was made nearly | the chimes of the old clock ring through the

"I declare," said she to herself then, sitting summit, and once there we built a small upright in the bed, "I didn't think to lock that fire and spent this, our second Sabbath day, closet door. But it's safe enough—mother never

more comfort from my devotions had it not more than two hundred sheep jumping over a been for that "cussed" deer's ham in our gate. She couldn't help thinking of how badly haversack! We also slept a little and, as her mother would feel should that silver by usual, while two rested the third watched. any chance he stolen. It seemed to her that there were strange noises all about the house; satisfaction, surveyed the country from our lofty and once a sound as of a window being moved position. We could look directly down into the softly up set her heart to thumping in a very

"What a goose I am !" she said at length. aloud, and jumping out of bed as she spoke. "It's nothing but a rat. But I'll go down and lock that door. I can't go to sleep till I do." She slipped into a wrapper, laughing at herself all the while, and went softly down stairs -so softly that she could scarcely hear the sound of her own stockinged feet as she walked. She took down the padlock and key, which were seldom used, from a nail in the kitchen, and the future to live devoted Christian lives and spend our time in doing good.

went bravely into the pantry. The moon shining in at the window lighted her way, but it was surely not the moonlight which shone in that dreadful preserve closet, streaming out at the door, which stood wide open. Katy's heart stood still with horror! There in the closet, on the wide lower shelf, was a lighted lamp, and beside it glistened the heavy

Katy's great-grandmother, and before it stood -Katy was sure the tramp. She could hardly keep from screaming, and her hands shook as with the ague; but with one quick dart she slammed the closet door, put the heavy hasp in place, and sprung the padlock. There was a startled exclamation by sunset we had found the main road and from her prisoner as she did so. It was all had gone some distance down it. It was so Katy heard before she fled from the pantry to

> "He can't hurt Tilly," she panted, "and she won't wake up, and he can't get out. But

She didn't get to Aunt Priscilla's. Just at house looked to us as if it were half in the that moment came the sound of carriage wheels, road. It was brilliantly lighted and, from the noise, it appeared as if there was a merry crowd inside. We at once halted, being afraid from her mother.

"Why, Katy! child alive, what brings you here?" Just as we were leaving the road to go into | Then poor little Katy, how she trembled the woods, however, we again met the man | when her father picked her up and placed her that we had previously passed. He yelled after us, and inquired where we were going, and what our business was. We replied that story; and how, by the time they reached we had found we were on the wrong road, and home, she was as nearly in hysteries as it is possible for a well-ordered little girl, with no

"There, there, dear! And in your wrapper,

"Aha! you'd better come out, sir, and give

With the greatest pleasure." It was a laughing voice, and it was a laughing, remarkably good-looking face that presently showed itself over Mr. Dillingham's shoulder

Katy's mother took an eager step forward. 'I believe-it is Frank!" she cried. "Why, Frank, Frank Sawyer, where did you fall

The minute Katy saw her mother half erging on the young man's shoulder, with her arms around his neck, she knew that this was who had been abroad for years. Poor little Katy once more! How astonished and ashamed she was! To think that she had locked her mother's only brother up in the preserve closes for a thief! How dreadful it was! Katy, with

burning cheeks, drew back in the shadow of the open door. "But how- I declare," laughed Mrs. Dillingham. "I don't much blame Katy." "It goes without telling," said Katy's uncle, laughing too. "I came on the ten-o'clock train, and made up my mind to walk over from the station. When I got here I knocked at the door, but nobody woke up, so I just made my way in through the window. I was hungrier than a cannibal, and thought I'd get something to eat without waking anybody up. I was after preserves-you know I've a sweet tooth-when I saw grandmother's silver, and I

times, when-presto! I found myself a pris-"It was Katy," said Mrs. Dillingham, laughing until she cried. "Katy-why, what are you hiding for, child? Come here." And Katy reluctantly obeyed.

was taking a look at it for the sake of old

"Now how was it, daughter!" asked her father, when this new strange uncle had shaken hands with Katy, and kissed her half a dozen times on each cheek.

So Katy told the story over again, this time with a good many laughing interruptions. "And you were kind of a burglar," she said, slyly glancing up, "because you were after the preserves, you know."

"I got in through a window, too, Katy. And ate a whole sponge-cake while I was locked "It was mine," said Katy, laughing again. Mr. Dillingham sat down, and took his

laughter on his knee. "Well," said he, "you'd have done just the same if he'd been a genuine tramp, as he ought to have been, poking around folks' houses in that fashion. I'm proud of you, Katy-did." "So am I," said Uncle Frank Sawyer, and he

rolled up his eyes in a comical way at Katy. "And so am I," said her mother, and she kissed Katy .- Ada C. Stoddard, in Harper's Young People.

#### A Fast Ride on an Avalanche. [From the Plumas National.]

On Monday last Mr. M. Patrick started from Sawpit to come to Quincy, leaving that place of the "Hogsback," above Dixon Creek, the delicious perfection in the big oven, the short | Patrick lost his footing and went with it. The hill is very steep and he went down with lightning speed for about a quarter of a mile, where a small flat caused the slide to break up and stop. He was under the snow most of the way Tilly didn't offer any objection, and Katy down, occasionally catching a glimpse of daying acted as a protection in the fearful fall.

#### A Fanny Story about General Sherman. [From the Washington Star.]

Once, while being measured for some shirts, General Sherman became quite familiar with the salesman, who, some time after, meeting him on the street in company with a friend, made bold to address him. But the General had forgotten all about the affable clerk and could not imagine who he was. The clerk saw this, and in the endeavor to help the General out whispered in his ear: "Made your shirts." "Ah, yes," said old Tecumseh, and thereupon he introduced the shirt man as Major Schurz.

#### A Reminder of a Great Batile. [From the Chattanooga Times.]

Mr. John Crouch, who owns a farm on Mision Ridge, while digging holes to set out peach trees yesterday afternoon, exhumed four skeletons, which were about eighteen inches under ground. They were buried in a row. One had a bullet-hole in the skull; a bullet was found in the hip bone of another. The remnants of a silk tie and shirt buttons were found in the grave. The remains were evidently those of soldiers who were hurriedly buried in the midst of the carnage of the tarrible battle of Mission Ridge. The skeletons were placed in a neat coffin and reinterred.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y .: Dear Sir-For many months I was a great sufferer. Physicians could afford me no relief. In my desnair I commenced the use of your "Favorite Prescription." It speedily effected my entire

and permanent cure. Yours, thankfully, MRS. PAUL R. BAXTER,

Iowa City, Iowa